

The Tragedie

Hast. So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue.

Ri. And I as I loue *Hastings* with my heart.

Kim. Madam, your life is not exempt in this,
Nor your sonne *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, nor you,
You haue bene factious one against the other:
Wife, loue Lord *Hastings*, let him kisse your hand,
And what you doe, do it vnfeinedly.

Qu. Heere *Hastings*, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, to thriue I and mine.

Dor. Thus enterchange of loue, I here protest,
Vpon my part shall be vniolable.

Ha. And so I sweare my Lord.

Kim. Now princely *Buckingham* seale vp this league,
With thy embracement to my wiues allies,
And make me happy in his vnity.

Buc. When euer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish mee
With hate, in those where I expect most loue,
When I haue most neede to imploy a friend.
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me: This doe I begge of God,
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.

Kim. A pleasing cordiall princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy vow vnto my sickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother *Glocester* here,
to make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Glocester.

Buc. And in good time heere comes the noble Duke,

Glo. Good morrow to my soueraigne King and Queene,
And princely peares, a happy time of day.

Kim. Happy indeede as wee haue spent the day,
Brother wee haue done deeds of charity:
Made peace of enmity, faire loue of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong inscensed peeres.

Glo. A blessed labour most soueraigne liege,
Amongst this princely heape, if any here
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,

Hold

of Richard the Third

Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly or in my
Haue thought committed that is hardly
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace,
Tis death to mee to be at enmity.

I hate it and desire all good mens loue.
First Madam I intreat peace of you,
Which I purchase with my dutious seruice
Of you my noble cousen *Buckingham*,
If euer any grudge were lod'gd betweene
Of you my Lord *Rivers*, and Lord *Grey*.
That all without desert haue found on
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indee
I do not know that English man aliue,
With whome my soule is any iotte at
More then the instant that is borne to ni
I thanke my God for my humiliry,

Qu. A holy day shall this be kept he
I would to God all strife were well com
My soueraigne leige I do beseech your
To take our brother *Clarence*, to your

Glo. Why Madam, haue I offered
To be thus scorn'd in this royall presen
Who knowes not that the noble Duke is
You doe him iniury to scorne his coaste.

Ri. Who knowes not he is dead, w

Qu. All seeing heauen, what a worl

Buc. Looke I so pale Lord *Dorset* a

Dor. I my good Lord and noone in
But his red colour hath forsooke his che
Kim. Is *Clarence* dead? the order was

Glo. But He poore soule by our first
And that a winged Mercury did beare.
Some tardy crible bore the countermaine
That came too lagge to see him buried
God graunt that some lesse noble and le
Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not in l
Deserue not worse then wretched *Clare*
And yet goe currant from suspicion.